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NOTICE

Subscribers finding the figure 5 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

A JAPANESE TEA-HOUSE NEAR TOKIO.

The Japanese like their neighbors in China, are great tea-drinkers. The tea-kettle is always on the fire as soon as a visitor calls, tea is prepared and presented to him, together with a tiny pipe of tobacco. Public tea-houses are very numerous in the cities and on the highways of travel. Some of these in the country are situated in the midst of beautiful gardens and flower-gardens, and in the spring of the year when the flowers begin to bloom, they are visited by multitudes from the cities. We give a picture of one of these tea-houses with pleasant surroundings, which is situated near Tokio (Yedo).

A missionary lady gives the following account of a picnic which she and the girls of her school had on the top of a beautiful hill, where there was one of these pretty tea-houses:

"I have often alluded to the fact that our scholars are very fond of their studies and need no urging to keep them at their books, and yet they enjoy a holiday as much as girls in America. We had been talking for some time of getting up a picnic for them, but the weather has been so cold and rainy all the spring, that we were obliged to put it off from week to week, waiting for it to become warm and pleasant. At length a few days of mild weather induced us to fix upon last Tuesday, May 16, for the long-talked-of holiday, and it was well that we did, for the day proved to be lovely, while ever since it has been cold and rainy.

"We started at a little after eight in the morning, having decided upon No-ken-do, or 'The Plains of Heaven,' as the place for our picnic. This is the name given to the top of a hill eight or nine miles south of Yokohama. It commands a magnificent view of the bay and the surrounding country. Just below the brow of the hill, but overlooking the fine view, is a large tea-house or resting place for the refreshment of travellers. The Japanese always show great appreciation for the beautiful in the location of these tea-houses. On the top of the hill are some fine shady pine trees and a rude sort of low table for the accommodation of picnic parties, which are very common among this people, though their name for them, which signifies 'looking at the flowers,' is rather more elegant than the one we use.

"On arriving at the end of our journey, the girls were divided themselves into little exploring parties, while we spread the table and unpacked the eatables. The long ride and fresh air had sharpened their appetites, and they did ample justice to the cakes and fruits, as well as to the more substantial articles that had been provided. After they were satisfied with their repast, some of the girls, who had appointed themselves my waiters for the occasion, cleared off and washed up the plates, and we sat down to our lunch, the perfect quiet and tranquillity of the spot and the glorious view forming the best part of the feast.

"The afternoon was spent in various amusements, as passing flowers and a singing. The words of a song had probably never been heard of that night before, and it was very sweet to hear it in a young voice, while sitting in the midst of prayer and praise.

to the true God in the midst of those heathen surroundings—for the remains of an old temple stood near at hand with its broken idols and tablets, and many of the worshippers of such images were gathered about us. We believe the glorious time is not far distant when all these idol gods and heathen temples shall be overthrown, and the true God alone shall be worshipped on every hill-top and in every valley of this beautiful land. Exchange.

FLOWERS AND CHILDREN.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

At this season, children, like flowers, take a new start. The first days, when even the little ones can run out, the delight of the darlings' run out yourself, even though some pressing duty must be left for a moment to enjoy it all with them. You like attention, do you, and perhaps once in a while wish a little over the days when your young friends waited on you so eagerly? You will have a perfect lover in your little son. What though the flower brings so eagerly to you are but 'andellions and creeps' was ever brought



A JAPANESE TEA-HOUSE.

brought you more lovingly? Take care of them, let him find you treasure his offering just as you used to treasure his father's flowers in the years gone by. Run races with the children, pick up the stones from the lawn, and show them the pale yellow grass beneath, teaching them how bad habits and evil thoughts will lie like stones on the soul of our hearts.

Take care to admire the little treasures your children find. It is in these things that we often receive them. A mother may be very faultless, even grieve bitterly over her children with her children, but if she will share their love by a thoughtful consideration, such as she would exercise towards her outside friends, she has a beautiful gift, her faults of character cannot loom.

I wish, through the summer that is coming, we country mothers would resolve to give more special time to our out-door life with our children. We have had the troubles some of us but up with all winter, and often our heads have ached, and we have regarded the clock for that blessed bedtime to come, and when the darlings have been around us, telling us, 'I love you, my good mamma, we have been as if we were hypocrites,

with our weariness and dismay for the noise and romps that is a "needs be" to them.

But now, all is changed. "Can I go out, mamma?" is the first question, and we smile radiantly, and go to our work with a sigh of relief. But let us watch ourselves. Let us remember that every moment those little minds are working, those little fingers, lifting first a stone, then pulling a flower, the tongue are going just as fast as ever; so we must teach them to need us, out of doors, as well as in the house.

When our backs ache, and we are trying to sit down, let us, though we are tired to death, run once or twice round the house, with the youngsters, and then, as we rest on the steps, they can stick dandelions in our hair, and find us a wonderful spider to look at, and tell us how they long to spend some day in the woods. You were planning a grown-up picnic, but if you can only have one holiday, give it to your little ones. Get papa to let you have the big wagon, and let the children invite whom they will, the blessed little darlings will be sure to include Isabel, Katy and little ragged Gretchen, and with lots of bread-and-butter, ginger-waifs, and

little shaves, apparently digging a hole to plant himself, as the flower of the family. He is very dirty, but mamma loves to bathe him, and so cross Bridget shall wash him, carelessly and roughly. Let us spend a portion of each of the summer days, with the flowers and the children.—Working Church.

"SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS."

PICTURES AND TOYS FOR POOR CHILDREN.

There are many ways of doing effectual good besides preaching sermons or distributing tracts. One means of usefulness which is open to almost everyone desirous of serving God through His creatures is to cheer and animate the lives of the children of the very poor. The little folks in comfortable homes, with their abundant supply of playthings, have little idea of the dull, dreary lives of thousands upon thousands of less-privileged children. Of course there are many out-door pleasures which the poorest of young people in country places can enjoy, but even these, in their earliest years, drag along many a dismal hour through the absence of a few bright pictures or toys. Especially is this the case with poor children confined to their beds by sickness or accident. To thousands of humble households the present, for the little ones, of picture-books, or a toy-horse, dog, or other plaything, would be a most welcome gift. And especially does a bed-ridden child delight in a scrap-book of pictures—such a one, for example, as the writer lately saw, which a little girl had made out of a seed-grower's catalogue of seeds and plants, having pasted over every page cuttings from illustrated newspapers and magazines. That particular scrap-book was one of a large collection of similar gifts and toys made by kind young people for a Medical Mission to Diseased Children. Even post-cards and handbills may be thus utilized for pasting pictures over. Many a cottage home would be glad of such presents, and the preparation of them is a capital training for the young-givers, for there are manifold advantages in such little service. They are not only helpful to those who receive them, but are even more useful to those who prepare and bestow them, for they thus become a means of awakening young lives to the blessedness of sympathy, and to the happiness of seeking to do good after the example of the blessed Redeemer, who is pleased when His children thus manifest their love to Him, even by the humblest of kindly services to others of His great family. Suitable texts of Scripture might be introduced wisely, and thus the Gospel kept before many a child, and carried to many a home where otherwise perhaps it would not find entrance, and who can tell the results that might follow with the blessing of God?—Ford and Felt.

NAME-LENDING.

There is too much of it, there is too little grace in giving the name and recommending any work or institution. Men are busy, they have not time, they are hopeful, and guess it is all right, they are indolent, and do not say so, they are benevolent, and trust it is a good object. The talk sounds fine, it has some with our conversation, that men have signed their names as trustees or managers, when they know they should perform some of the duties of trustees or managers.

Have not the applicants said, "Oh, the duties will be merely nominal. We only want your name, others will do the work." Very well, and those who do the work give their names. It is simply wrong and wicked to give your name, and a voucher for a society or an institution, unless you know all about it, and can watch its practical working, for there are many things that are good in theory, and that look all right in their inception, which are practically utter failures.—N. Y. Herald.



Temperance Department.

TOBACCO AND THE GOSPEL.

BY REV. N. L. BRAKEMAN, A. M.

There is something curious and instructive in the alacrity with which men meet the demands of appetite and passion, and the reluctance with which they respond to the claims of religion and humanity. Men—no bluish say Christian men—who complain of paying a cent per week for missions, will pay 30 cents per week, yes, 70 cents, and some 100 cents per week for tobacco and think it no burden, but a pleasure.

I have some "bottom facts" on the subject and give them to the reader. May they awaken reflections in minds not accustomed to think of the theme of this article. In preparing a recent lecture on "The Commercial Advantages of Christianity for the young men of Frankfurt, Ind., I went to every house dealing in this article (except the saloons), and got the amount of their sales of tobacco, snuff, and cigars, for the last year, and it footed up over \$41,000. This, for a town of 3,000 inhabitants—over \$13.00 for every man, woman and child in the city. This in the hard times of 1876. And in some families where they suffer for both food and raiment, the tobacco is never wanting. They can do without bread, but not without the quid, and the pipe, or cigar.

Of course this tobacco was not all consumed in Frankfurt, much of it went to the country, but they got its full share. Enquiry was also made into the personal expense of the wood, and it ranged from five cents to \$1.25 per day, for each man or boy, that is, from \$15.00 to \$450 per year for tobacco. This last sum is more than Missionary Town carried, in our Conference, paid its pastor and his family, last year, for all their labor. Think of one man paying more for tobacco in one year than a whole circuit pays for the Gospel. There were twenty-two preachers in the N. W. Indiana Conference last year, who each receive less money for an entire year's toil, than one man pays annually for tobacco. Let any lover of the "wood" show that for a quid, or put it into his pipe and smoke it.

There are, in my congregation, by actual count, and careful estimate) eighty-five men who either belong to the Church, or are members of families where one or more of the household belong to the Church, who pay on an average ten cents per day for tobacco and cigars. This is below the average, but let it pass. This is \$3.50 per day, and \$3,025.00 per year. And that is more than double what it costs us to pay the bishops, providing elder, pastor, organist and sexton for our year. In other words, less than 100 men pay annually, twice as much for tobacco as 300 Church members pay, directly, for the Gospel. The Church is being aroused on the subject of missions. Is it not time for her to wake up on the tobacco question? Have ministers and members ever carefully and seriously considered the enormous sums of money annually squandered on cigars and tobacco—a useless, inconvenient, filthy, expensive injurious, unjustifiable, heathenish habit.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue, at Washington, gives the total product of manufactured tobacco in the United States in 1874 as follows: Of all kinds paying 25 cents per pound of revenue, 104,502,548 pounds, snuff and all kinds paying 32 cents per pound revenue, 3,245,143 pounds, total, 107,747,691 pounds. If we put the average price at 57 1/2 cents per pound and that is low it gives us in round numbers, \$61,955,000. The number of cigars on which duty was paid in 1874 was 1,886,697,455. At 3 cents each, they cost over \$56,600,000, a total annual cost, in round numbers, of \$118,550,000 for tobacco, snuff and cigars. A writer in the New York *Advertiser* Rev. T. F. Parker estimates the cost of the tobacco consumed annually, by the 6,000,000 members of American Churches at over \$19,300,000. And that of this sum Methodism pays over \$3,500,000. These figures are doubtless inside of the actual facts. But, say they are twice too large, and then Methodism spends \$1,900,000 for tobacco every year, almost \$2,000,000, say, if you will, that they are over three times too large, and make the annual tobacco money of Methodism only \$1,200,000, and yet what a shameful not to say wicked, waste of the Lord's money.

I can name Methodist preachers who smoke from three to twelve cigars per day. How small a part of the tobacco money of the Church would pay our missionary debt! Who will begin a reform by quitting the habit and putting into the missionary treasury a sum equal to the amount annually spent, heretofore,

for tobacco and cigars? "Let judgment begin at the house of God," and in the pulpit. Do some Christian men and ministers (and some women too) love the filthy "weed" better than they love God, and His Church, and humanity? Do actions speak louder than words? So says the proverb.

Physicians, physiologists, chemists, say tobacco is a poison, and that he who uses it shortens life. Dr. Morgan says, "I entertain no doubt that even the moderate use of this article, by impairing the general health, often shortens human life." It was the opinion of John Quincy Adams that the average of human life is shortened five years by the use of tobacco. Suppose we limit the shortening of life to those who themselves use the article, which he did not, and suppose we make the shortening but half of what he did, it is a moderate estimate that puts the consumers of tobacco in the United States at two millions. Here, then, we have, in a single generation the sacrifice of five million years of human life in the United States alone. It is the poison in this "weed" which gives it power to soothe, to fascinate, and enslave its victims. Reader, are you its slave? Be free!—*Methodist, Zion's Herald.*

A LONDON COFFEE PALACE.

Our readers have heard of the London gin-palaces. These are houses for the sale of intoxicating drinks, which differ from the common public houses in the superior style in which they are fitted up. The latter are often dingy-looking places in the backstreets, where their regular customers are able to find them and rather obtain the casual supply which they seek, or spend the hours of the day or evening in drinking and talking in tap-room or parlour. But the gin-palaces are in the more public streets, and are fitted up with much splendour. Outside all is glitter. They are painted in brilliant colors, and gilding abounds. At night, numerous gas-lamps attract attention, and we think we remember cases in which an illuminated clock increased the attraction. Inside, the painting and gilding on the walls, the barrels, and other accessories please the eye, while as on the outside, the brilliancy of the scene is increased at night by the numerous jets of gas which are burning. Handsome barmaids, who in some cases are expected to change their easy dresses three times a day, add to the charms of these places. They seldom have drinking parlours, but the drinking is at or near the bar, and persons stay but a short time, and then make way for others.

Dr. Bernardo is an active Christian, who has for years been laboring for the benefit of the poor and degraded, and for this purpose established a mission station in Lambeth, in the east of London, where he had a Ragged School, Refuge, religious services, and other things common to such missions in London. It appears that he recently conceived the plan of entering into competition with the gin-palaces, by establishing a coffee-palace, which should be to the common coffee-house what the gin-palace is to the common public-house. He has therefore, purchased a public-house, known as the "Dolphin Castle," situated in a very public thoroughfare in the east of London, and has fitted it up in great style. It is in the neighborhood of gin-palaces, and like them, it has a double front, with plate glass windows. Outside, a number of ornamental gas lamps display their beauty every night, while within, the gas-burners are numerous and brilliant. There is a spacious public bar-room fitted with numerous seats, where visitors are supplied with tea, coffee, cocoa, or chocolate. Or, if they prefer, with soda water, ginger beer, or lemonade, these beverages are at hand. There is also a private bar, to be reached from the street by another door, where those who choose may take refreshments, and enjoy private conversation for a limited time. Two cents will procure a good cup of coffee, and one cent, a slice of bread and butter.

This experiment seems to be a success. A writer in the *Christian World*, who visited the place on a Saturday evening, a few weeks ago, says that a crowd, two or three deep, was besieging the bar, where the neatly dressed barmaids were rapidly supplying their wants. The boxes were filled with company, and many visitors who could not find seats were standing. There were at least a hundred customers in this department alone, while a stream of persons were passing out and another stream coming in. The company was composed of working men and women, with a number who were lower in the scale than this, some even belonging to the variety known as "roughs." But all were orderly and quiet, and while there was evident cheerfulness, there was an entire absence of the loose and ribald conversation which are seldom wanting in the crowd at a gin-palace bar, who are under the stimulus of intoxicating drink.

In addition to the public and private bars, there are a reading-room, a smoking-room, and a room for those who wish to play at

drafts, chess, etc., and on the night referred to these rooms were all well-filled. There are also club-rooms, which can be hired by any respectable society at a small charge per night.—*Watchman.*

A DOCTOR CONVERTED.

At a recent Temperance meeting in Glasgow, Mr. Arthur McArthur said he was pleased to hear of the change in medical practice as to prescribing intoxicating drink. It was most important that doctors had seen that patients did not need strong drink in disease. He remembered, fully three years ago, when he was seized with small-pox, and knowing the doctor was apt to recommend rum and egg flip to all his patients, he was afraid lest this should be administered to him. When the doctor told him the disease, he said, "Now, doctor, whatever is to be the result I am to be responsible, but you are not to recommend intoxicating liquor." The doctor had told him that day he had watched over the case with the greatest care and was anxious during the time his patient was at the worst, and hesitated whether he should not prescribe an alcoholic stimulant. But he adhered to the promise he had given, and was glad he had done so, because his patient had recovered so satisfactorily that ever since, whether for fever or small-pox, he never had recommended intoxicating drink. If it was necessary to bring up the frame, he recommended at all times milk instead of brandy or wine. Thus medical men were awakening up to this subject, and he would like to see the ministry waking up in the same way. If the Church would come to look upon alcohol as a poison, as it really was, no doubt the cry of the widow and the wail of the orphan would rouse it to a sense of its duty in this respect. He thought it would be well that the Temperance League, in looking forward to the meetings of the Church, should make some arrangement to bring forward the communion wine question or the general temperance question. One of these bodies would meet in Glasgow for the first time for many years, and if it would be one of the grandest acts it could pass to send down a recommendation for that would be all he should ask to the presbyteries and sessions to banish intoxicating drink from the Church, that is, from the Lord's Table.

AMERICANS AND THE DRINK USAGES ABROAD.

The following letter appears in the last number of the *League Journal*.

We have been accustomed from time to time to have ministers and public men in America held up to us as patterns in regard to the temperance movement, and the address of Mr. Thornton at the students' meeting in Edinburgh the other day again reminds me of this. Mr. Thornton says, "I find the ministers take a very different stand on this question than the ministers do in this country. I never once in all my life saw wine upon a minister's table until I came across the Atlantic."

I was last year a good deal abroad, and during my travels for fully seven months over the continent and in Egypt I met hundreds of Americans, most of them very agreeable, some highly intelligent, many of them ministers, and one bishop, and, with one exception, and that a lady travelling with children, all drank wine regularly at the hotel tables, and when they happened to have private rooms they kept wine, &c. for their own use and that of their friends.

My thoughts often were, "Well, these Americans are often held up to us as patterns, they may be very abstemious at home, but they seem to leave their temperance principles behind when they go abroad."

I confess I was much disappointed at this, and I shall be glad if any explanation can be given either by Mr. Thornton or anyone who may be able to do so.—I am, yours truly, ROBERT LOEWENT.

The tidal wave of Temperance reform started in Pittsburgh seems sweeping over the whole adjacent territory in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Eastern Ohio. The movement spreads from town to town. Over 200,000 names have already been enrolled on the temperance pledge, in a circle of a hundred miles. Liquor-drinkers in large numbers are breaking loose from their bondage, and liquor-sellers are abandoning their business and helping on the reform. This is a reform which good men of all names and parties will rejoice to see spreading over the entire land.

There was not an indictment in Maine last year for a capital offence. Temperance people naturally think that fact speaks volumes in favor of the prohibitory law.

COME AND HELP.

TEMPERANCE CHORUS.

Words by A. BARGANT, Esq.

Air—MEN OF HARLEIGH.

Harmonized by GEO. J. CHAPPLE.

1. See, the Church of Christ a - ris - es, Smile or frown of man de - spits - es;
 2. Men of God, your help come lend us, From the scorn and sneer de - fend us.
 Help us, help us, help us, Teach us, Har - veys rich a - wait the reap - ers.

For - ward! is the cry it calls - us, For a great cru - sade,
 Now, when hu - man help seems fail - ing, Chris - tians, lend your aid. Join us, good and
 Lov - ing hearts and pray - ers, O send us in the great dis - tress
 There's no room for drunks and sleep - ers: God the work will bless. Shun the drunkard

no - ly Bet - ter days come slow - ly We will stand, a temp - rance band, To
 pe - rish While our case we cher - ish, And the foe, un - checked be - low, De -

and the weak and low - ly. Oh, how long shall Sa - tan's aim - ing, By this foe our
 stroy our best and brav - est! Tri - umph, time, and life are fly - ing, We shall soon be

such be show - ing, And the Chris - tian cause de - feat - ing, With - out us - force made
 with the dy - ing For thy sake our - selves de - ny. Love us, Lord, not less.



Agricultural Department.

ERADICATION OF GARDEN VERMIN.

Red spider occurs in almost every vineyard, however well managed. A moist atmosphere is a great preventive, but it cannot be relied on, and indeed we cannot, without injury to the vines, keep the air of the house always so humid that the spider cannot obtain a lodgment. Syringing operates in aid of a moist atmosphere, for, like other vermin, the red spider (which is in reality a mite) thrives best in heat and dryness. But the most decided repellent of spider is a painting of sulphur on the hot-water pipes. This may be done by sprinkling dry sulphur on the pipes, or by making a paint of sulphur, clay, and water, with which the pipes should be painted. Be careful not to raise the heat at the same time, for if the pipes are hotter than the hand can bear, fumes destructive to vegetation will be given off. Melons and cucumbers may generally be kept clear of spider by means of the syringe only, but when melons are ripening, they must be kept rather dry, and it is next to impossible to finish a crop without having the spider to "assist" in the ceremony.

Thrips may pursue their mischief to a great extent before they are discovered by the novice, for their minuteness and their ways render them inconspicuous. But the black deposit they make reveals their existence to the experienced eye, as the debilitated condition of the plant they have attacked would soon compel attention were there no such deposit to tell the tale. The Indian azaleas are apt to be beset by thrips, as the grape-vine is by the scale, the pine-apple by mealy-bug, and the rose by green aphids. Atmospheric humidity is a powerful preventive, as is also the promotion of vigorous growth by a plentiful supply of water to the roots of the plants, in fact, starvation and a dry, hot air will bring thrips as soon as anything. The usual, and, generally speaking, the best remedy is fumigation by tobacco, and, in common with every other insect plague, tobacco water and a solution of soft soap, together or separately, will soon make an end of thrips, if carefully applied. A special preparation may be made as follows: Take six pounds of soft soap and dissolve in twelve gallons of water, add half a gallon of strong tobacco water, and dip the plants in the mixture. Before they become dry, dip again in pure rain-water to remove the mixture. If too large to dip, apply the mixture with the syringe, and in the course of a quarter of an hour or so syringe with pure rain-water.

Wood-lice are terrible destroyers, but are easily caught and may be completely eradicated by perseverance. When a frame or pit is infested, they may be destroyed wholesale by pouring boiling water down next the brick-work and the wood-work in the middle of the lay. If this procedure does not make a clearance recourse must be had to trapping. In common with earwigs, they love dryness, darkness, and a snug retreat, but as a mere home suffices for earwigs, a home with food is demanded by wood-lice. Take a thumb-pot, quite dry and clean. In it place a fresh cut slice of potato or apple, fill up with dry moss, and turn the whole thing over on a bed in a frame or pit. Thus you have devised a wood-lice trap, and next morning you may knock the vermin out of it into a vessel full of hot water, or adopt any other mode of killing that may be convenient. Fifty traps may be prepared in a hundred minutes; and those who are determined to get rid of wood-lice may soon make an end of them.

A few remarks of a general kind appear to be needed by way of conclusion. As regards mixtures and washes, the expense of preparing them may be in some degree lessened by economy of application. A drenching board, fitted on a firm frame, should be provided in every place where plant-growing is carried on to any extent. The board should slope from a resting ridge at the base. The plant in its pot may be laid on the board, with the bottom of the pot against the resting ridge, and a pail should be put to catch the liquid used as it drains from the plant after syringing. Every general washing or fumigating should be followed by another at an interval of from a week to a fortnight, because, although the first operation may kill every insect, there will be many living eggs left, and these renew the war, and very soon bring the plants into as bad a state as ever, unless consigned to a happy dispatch as their parents were. In many cases it will be more economical to feed than destroy the vermin, and, as a rule, feeding does not add to their numbers in the same or any future season, for insect life is so strangely dependent on certain conditions of temperature, etc., that if the season is not

favorable to a particular kind, it will be scarce no matter how plentiful it may have been in a former generation. In the case of the turnip-fly, feeding is generally the cheapest and surest way of saving the crop. It is customary with dahlia growers, and indeed with the growers of florists' flowers generally, to sow lettuce where the flowers are to be planted, for as long as lettuces are on the spot, slugs and snails will prefer them to other food, and the lettuces themselves serve as traps, so that as evening dusk approaches we may find pretty well all the snails and slugs that are in the garden congregated about the lettuces, and may catch and destroy *ad libitum*, greasy cabbage leaves and heaps of brewer's grains are also good traps for slugs and snails. In the case of using a mixture or preparation for the first time it is advisable to try it on one plant only, and that, of course, the worst in the collection affected. If the preparation is too strong or too weak, the truth will be declared by the state of the plant within twenty-four hours, thus a little caution may save a great loss. Another good rule is to employ the several preparations rather less powerful than advised until experience has been gained, for we have not only the strength of the medicine to consider, but the management of the patient before and after it is administered. It is above all things important to be thorough in the cleansing of plants, for they succumb rapidly to the attacks of insects, and should be thoroughly and promptly cleaned, or consigned to the fire, for if left in a foul state, they spread the infection to all around. — *Harper's Bazar*.

A SENSIBLE PLACARD.

The French Minister of Finance has caused a placard to be posted, which it would be wise for citizens of all countries to have before their eyes:—

Hedgehog.—Lives on mice, small rodents, slugs, and grubs—animals, useful to agriculture. Don't kill the hedgehog.

Toad.—Farm-assistant, destroys from twenty to thirty insects an hour. Don't kill the toad.

Mole.—Is continually destroying grubs, larvae, caterpillars, and insects injurious to agriculture. No trace of vegetation is ever found in its stomach. Does more good than harm. Don't kill the mole.

May-Bug and its Larva or Grub. Mortal enemy of agriculture. Lays from seventy to eighty eggs. Kill the May-Bug.

Birds.—Each department loses several millions annually through insects. Birds are the only enemies able to contend against them victoriously. They are the great caterpillar-killers and agricultural assistants. Children, don't disturb their nests. — *Golden Rule*.

PANICULUS GOVERNS THE PRODUCTION OF MILK.—I understand very well, as probably every man does who handles milk, that there is a wide difference in the composition of pure milk, especially in the matter of the percentage of butter. All milk is richer in September than in June, and it varies in this respect in different seasons in the same herd or cow. The circumstances which lead to this are many. The cow that is fleshy gives milk richer in butter than the cow that is thin and poor. One that has reached her full maturity gives better milk than she did before she reached that age; a cow that is gaining flesh day by day gives richer milk than a cow that is losing gradually. The conditions of the pastures have also much to do with the quality of the production. This condition is governed in turn by the season. Experience has taught me that a cow's milk very deficient in butter often fattens a fine calf than that of the first-class butter cow. When a man tells me what a splendid fat calf his cow always rears, I do not wish to purchase her for a butter cow. A man cannot produce milk profitably for any purpose without feeding his cows liberally with good, sound, highly nutritious food. The cow has been likened to a machine. It requires a certain amount of food to supply the demands of nature: all above that amount which she will take and assimilate will be converted into milk and flesh. The herd should be kept warm in winter, and fed and watered with regularity. Their diet should be varied as much as convenience will allow. Early cut hay, clover, cornmeal, and vegetables, should be included in the bill of fare, and reward them be rewarded with milk rich in all the valuable components of the fluid. On the other hand, the herd that is poorly fed, carelessly housed and cared for, cannot give anything but watery milk, almost worthless for butter or the table. — *J. T. Ellsworth in Scientific Farmer*.

WAX FOR FERTILIZING.—The following is recommended by a commission of fruit-growers, provided over by Professor Cyrus Thomas, State Entomologist of Illinois, and is part of a very full report embodying advice as to the best means of fighting the insects that infest the orchards of that State. "Insects and mildew injurious to the leaves of seedlings and root grafts can be kept in subjection or de-

troyed by a free use of a combination of lime and sulphur. Take of quick or unslacked lime 4 parts, and of common flour of sulphur one part (4 pounds of sulphur to 1 peck of lime), break up the lime in small bits, then mixing the sulphur with it in a tight vessel (iron best), pour boiling water to slake the lime to a powder, cover in the vessel close as soon as the water is poured on, this makes also a most excellent whitewash for orchard trees, and is very useful as preventive of blight on pear trees, to cover wounds in the form of a paste when cutting away diseased parts; also for coating the trees in April. It may be considered as the one specific for many noxious insects and mildew in the orchard and nursery, its materials should always be ready at hand. It should be used quite fresh, as it would in time become sulphate of lime, and so lose its potency. Whenever dusting with lime is spoken of, this should be used. This preparation should be sprinkled over the young plants as soon as, or before, any trouble from aphides, thrips or mildew occurs, early in the morning when the dew is on the trees. This lime and sulphur combination is destructive to these pests in this way. Firstly, by giving sulphuric acid gas, which is deadly poison to minute life, both animal and fungoid, and lime destroys by contact the same things, besides, its presence is noxious to them, neither is it injurious to common vegetable life except in excess.

SALTING FOR WEEDS.—Weeds may be destroyed by scattering a small quantity of salt regularly over the walk, but this should only be done when the weather is fine, or it may be washed to the sides and do much damage to the verges. By treating walks to a slight dressing of salt every spring and autumn, they may be kept free of weeds at a minimum of the amount of labor and cost that would be required to pull them up, and not only this, but it has such an effect in killing all mossy conifers as to render the gravel always bright and new-looking, nearly equating in that respect any fresh raised from the pit and newly laid down. It may be remarked, however, that it does not do to use salt where the edgings are of box, as that is sure to suffer injury, and perhaps be killed altogether, but grass verges will stand it well if not sown too close to the roots, or get washed to them, should rain by chance occur immediately afterwards. Many other remedies have been recommended to exterminate weeds from walks such as the use of some of the mineral acids, but there is nothing so cheap and simple, or that can be so readily and safely applied, as salt. — *London Gardener's Chronicle*.

EARLY CUT HAY.—It may not be generally known that some of the advanced farmers of the Eastern States have begun to cut their grass before the first bloom and to cure it in light winnows as much as possible, thus saving the aroma and color and making simply cured grass. With such food as this for their cows they make "June butter" in midwinter and have grass-fed cows all the year. By taking off such an early crop they give the grass a chance to make a still heavier cutting later in the season. They also secure one crop before and the other after the usual grain harvest and are in shape to take all advantage of the weather as it comes. Analysis shows that there is much more nutriment in grass that contains all its natural juices than that which has turned to woody fibre, contrary to a quite common belief that the latter contains more "substance." Besides, if cut before the formation of seed, will not the soil and the plant be less exhausted? If so, then we shall be subsisting our live stock largely from the ocean of air that surrounds us and the wealth of which we can never exhaust.

— If an increase of eggs be desired in the poultry yard, before large sums of money are expended in the purchase of everlastingly laying, the system of keeping no hens after the first, or, at the most, their second year, is recommended. Early pullets give the increase, and the only wonder is that people persist as they do in keeping up a stock of old hens, which lay one day and stop three, instead of laying three days and stopping one. In some parts of England it is the invariable rule to keep the pullets only one year.

— General Fremont in his report to Congress of his explorations of the Pacific Coast, says that it is his opinion that the honey-bee could not exist west of the Sierra Nevada. He has, no doubt, long since been convinced of his error. Bees were first introduced in that country about eighteen years ago, and little or no attention was given to the honey interest until about three years ago. Since that time the progress of this industry has been most gratifying.

— If has been asserted that hyacinths may be propagated by their leaves. The latter should be cut off as close to the bulb as possible, put in a saucer, and covered with a thin layer of leaf mold. The saucer having been placed in a greenhouse, close to the inner surface of the glass, in eight or nine weeks the leaves will develop bulbs.

The product of wax in the United States is stated to be 20,000,000 pounds annually and increasing—worth in money at least \$5,000,000. Of this about \$300,000 worth are exported, and about \$1,200,000 worth of honey also goes abroad. The total product of honey and wax is worth at present in the United States nearly \$15,000,000.

DOMESTIC.

POTATO SNOW. Rub hot mashed potatoes quickly through a rather coarse sieve while another constantly strikes the sieve so as to break into short pieces. This is a fancy dish for delicate persons. Great pains should be taken to have it served warm.

STEAMED POTATOES. Prepare them precisely as for boiling. If they are to be pared first let the skins be as thin as possible, for just under the skin lies the best part. A closely-covered boiler with an inside perforated boiler let down into it, is better than a boiler with a steamer set on the top of it because more of the steam is likely to be preserved and utilized, and the nearer they are to the water the hotter they will be likely to be, though the latter should not reach the potatoes. When done, dry them off and serve them as recommended above.

SELF-STEAMED POTATOES. Have an iron kettle closely covered, fill it about two-thirds full of potatoes, washed and cut as in the first recipe above. Set it over a moderate fire, and let them cook entirely without water, a few minutes longer than for boiling or steaming with water. Test them in the same way, when done. This is not at all difficult to do, the moisture from the tuber, as it is forced out by the heat, falling down and creating steam enough to cook them thoroughly. It is one of the most delicious and satisfactory methods of cooking the potato.

MASHED POTATOES. The skins may be removed from them either before or after boiling or steaming, though the peeling afterward leaves more nutrition and a better taste. If the quantity to be treated is small, let them mash up with a fork quickly in a hot dish, while another peels a larger, hot dish and pebble be warmed, pouring the dish in the oven and throwing the potatoes into it as fast as they are peeled. Then let them be very thoroughly washed. The longer they are worked, the lighter and more creamy they will be. For moisture a small proportion of green corn cream or oatmeal milk may be added, if desired.

BAKED POTATOES. Understand your oven and do not undertake to bake potatoes without you are sure of a good heat. It is not necessary to cut them in dressing, any further than to remove defective places. Be sure, however, to have them scrupulously clean, so that the skins may be eaten. Rinse freely, drain, and place the largest in the hottest place, keep watch of them more closely than in boiling, because you can not so readily judge the heat. Try them by squeezing in a folded napkin, and as soon as you can crush them through remove them to a hot dish, breaking each one in the napkin so as to allow the steam to escape. Cover them with a large, clean, folded towel and serve warm. — *Phrenological Journal*.

BOILED POTATOES. Wash the tubers carefully, using a brush, if necessary, to clean them cut away every imperfection, and if there are none, have at least two cuts on each tuber, on opposite sides. Some kinds are best put to cook in hot water, and some in cold. Try each kind for yourself, and proceed accordingly. Let there be just water enough to cover them, cover the kettle closely and boil without intermission until done. Note the time they require to cook. Probe with a fork, and take them off a minute before, rather than a minute after, the right time, and make it up by letting them stand longer in the kettle to dry. Immerse the water completely and return them to the fire to dry out. Serve in a hot vegetable dish, and cover with a thin, woven towel, folded in several thicknesses, uncovering only as you serve them out.

POTATO PIE. This is a plain family dish, familiar to English families, but not to be extremely relished, especially by children. It is a convenient way of using meat the second day. Take as much cold roast beef as will half-fill a baking dish suited to the size of your family. Add enough gravy, saved from the day before, or lacking that, enough butter and water, in which to stew the beef until quite tender. Then having ready enough Irish potatoes, boiled, mashed, and mixed with butter, pepper, and salt, and made smooth with a little cream or rich milk, fill the dish with them to the top, and place in a well-heated oven to bake until nicely browned. It has a very inviting appearance. Tomato catsup or any nice store sauce may be served with it, but should be added at table, as additional taste may suggest.

THE LOST CHILD RESTORED; OR, THE FAMILY HYMN.

The following account was taken from a narrative written in Danish by Pastor Rone, formerly of Elsinore:—

Many years ago several German families came over and settled in America, among whom was a man from Wirtemberg, who, with his wife and a large family, established himself in Pennsylvania. There were no churches or schools in the neighborhood, and he was compelled to keep the Sabbath at home with his family, instructing them himself to read the Bible and pray to God. He used very often to read the Scriptures to them, and always used first to say, "Now, my children, be still, and listen to what I am going to read, for it is God who speaks to us in this Book."

In the year 1754 a dreadful war broke out in Canada between the French and the English. The Indians took part with the French, and made excursions as far as Pennsylvania, where they plundered and burned the houses they came to, and murdered the people. In 1755 they reached the dwelling of the poor family from Wirtemberg, while the wife and one of the sons were gone to a mill four miles distant to get some corn ground. The husband, the eldest son, and two little girls named Barbara and Regina, were at home. The father and his son were instantly killed by the savages, but they carried the two little girls away into captivity, with a great many other children who were taken in the same manner. They were led many miles through woods and thorny bushes, that nobody might follow them. In this condition they were brought to the habitations of the Indians, who divided among themselves all the children whom they had taken captive.

Barbara was at this time ten years old, and Regina nine. It was never known what became of Barbara, but Regina, and a little girl of two years old whom she had never seen before, were given to an old widow, who was a very cruel woman. Her only son lived with her and maintained her but he was sometimes from home for weeks together, and then

these poor little children were forced to go into the forests to gather roots and other provisions for the old woman; and when they did not bring her enough to eat, she would beat them in so cruel a manner that they were nearly killed. The little girl always kept close to Regina, and when she knelt down under a tree and repeated the prayers to the Lord Jesus, and the hymns which her father had taught her, the little girl prayed with her, and learned the hymns and prayers

used at Halle, in Germany:

"Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude and drear."

They constantly hoped that the Lord Jesus would some time bring them back to their Christian friends.

In 1764 the hope of these children was realized. The merciful providence of God brought the English Colonel Boquet to the place where they were in captivity. He conquered the Indians, and forced them to ask for peace. The first condition he made was,

their finding them they should be restored. Poor Regina's sorrowing mother came, among many other bereaved parents, to Carlisle; but, alas! her child had become a stranger to her. Regina had acquired the appearance and manner, as well as the language, of the natives. The poor mother went up and down among the young persons assembled, but by no efforts could she discover her daughters. She wept in bitter grief and disappointment. Colonel Boquet said, "Do you recollect nothing by which your children might be discovered?" She answered that she recollected nothing but a hymn which she used to sing with them, and which was as follows:

"Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear,
I feel my Saviour always nigh.
He comes the weary hours to cheer,
I am with Him, and He with me,
Even here alone I cannot be."

The Colonel desired her to sing this hymn. Scarcely had the mother sung two lines of it, when Regina rushed from the crowd, began to sing it also, and threw herself into her mother's arms. They both wept for joy, and the Colonel restored the daughter to her mother.

But there were no parents or friends in search of the other little girl; it is supposed that they were all murdered: and now the child clung to Regina and would not let her go; and Regina's mother though very poor, took her home with her. Regina repeatedly asked after "the book in which God speaks to us." But her mother did not possess a Bible; she had lost everything when the natives burnt her house. She resolved to go to Philadelphia and buy one there, but the pastor Muhlenburg of that place gave her one.

It was remarkable that Regina still retained her early instructions, and was able to read it immediately.

And what reward did the mother, who had diligently taught her children while yet in infancy, the Word of God, receive in finding her daughter by the means of those instructions! Why do so many parents neglect to communicate the best of gifts to their children? To dress and adorn them, to leave to them earthly treasures, to advance them in their lifetime to honor and dignities, these they trouble themselves much about; but to teach them to know their Saviour, to pray to Him, to believe in Him, to



REGINA RESTORED TO HER MOTHER

by heart. In this melancholy state these children remained nine long years, till Regina reached the age of nineteen, and her little companion was eleven years old. While captives their hearts seem to have been drawn towards what was good. Regina continually repeated the verses from the Bible, and the hymns which she had learned when at home, and she taught them to the little girl. They often used to cheer each other with one hymn from the hymn-book

that they should restore all the prisoners they had taken. Thus the two poor girls were released. More than four hundred captives were brought to Colonel Boquet. It was an affecting sight to see so many young people wretched and distressed. The Colonel and his soldiers gave them food and clothes, brought them to a town called Carlisle and published, in the Pennsylvania newspapers, that all parents who had lost their children might come to this place, and in case of

love and obey Him, how, many neglect these things! But what folly! For "what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" — *Family Friend*.

"I CAN'T HELP IT."

That was what Harry Day always said when he was told of any of his bad habits, "I can't help it;" which really meant, "I don't wish to help it;" because, we know well enough that we can every one of us "help" doing wrong if we try in the right way.

Once Harry came upon an old story in a worn soiled book which he routed out of a chest in the lumber-closet, and this story set him thinking, as it may, perhaps, set some other young folks thinking, about the reason why it is necessary to resist what is bad in its earliest beginning.

"Long ago there lived an old hermit who had left the busy world for a cell in the desert, and who was reputed to be very learned and wise.

"Many people used to visit the lonely man that they might receive his advice, and once a youth came to him who begged to stay with him for a time as his pupil.

"The hermit consented, and the first day he led his young companion into a small wood near to their humble dwelling. Looking round, he pointed to a very young oak tree just shooting from the ground.

"Pull up that sapling from the root," said he to his pupil, who obeyed without any difficulty. They went on a little farther, and the old man pointed to another tree, but also a young one, whose roots, struck deeper. This was not so easy to pull up as the first had been; but with several efforts it was accomplished.

"The third had grown quite tall and strong, so that the youth was a long time before he could tear it up; but when his master pointed to a fourth, which was still larger and stronger, he found that, try as he might, it was impossible to move it.

"Now, remember and take heed to what you have seen," said the hermit. "The bad habits and passions of men are just like these trees of the wood. When young and tender they may be easily overcome, but let them once gain firm root in your

soul, and no human strength is sufficient to get rid of them. Watch over your heart, and do not wait till your faults and passions have grown strong before you try to uproot them."

That was the end of the story; but, as I have said, it set Harry Day thinking, and when "I can't help it" was rising to his lips he was ashamed to utter it. So he set himself to the work of mastering his temper, his idleness and all that conscience told him was amiss. Though this is a work that is not done in an hour or a day, a month, or even a year, it will be effected at last (perhaps after many failures) by prayer and by perseverance; nay, it must be done unless we wish to become the servants and the slaves of sin. — *Child's Companion*.

THE TEMPERANCE CATECHISM.

"Now, children," said Mr. Knox to his class, "come close around me; I want to teach you a lesson."

So he taught them this lesson: What is temperance?

It is the moderate use of such things as are good for food or for drink.

What more does it require?

Entire abstinence from such things as tend to do injury.

Are intoxicating liquors good for food or drink?

No, for 2,000 medical men have testified that they neither nourish the body, nor remove thirst, but are really injurious to persons in health.

What do we call the poison in intoxicating liquor?

Alcohol.

What liquors contain alcohol?

Distilled liquors, such as rum, gin, brandy or whiskey; brewed liquors, such as porter, ale, and beer; fermented liquors, such as wine and cider.

Is it wise and safe for us to use such drinks?

It is better to leave them untouched, for they are all injurious, and many thousands of precious souls are ruined by them every year in our country.

"And now," said he, "I will tell you a story.

"Once, in Africa, a boa-constrictor, which is an enormous serpent, captured a monkey; and as he coiled around and crushed the poor animal, its shrieks of pain were heard by its companions, and they all came near to see what was the matter and what they could do. Presently they all scampered off, then a noise was heard, and

the monkeys were seen pushing at a rock that overhung the serpent. By-and-by they succeeded in starting it, and down it came, crushing the boa-constrictor beneath it.

"Now a single monkey could not have moved the rock, but the wise little creatures knew if all pushed together they would be able to move it, and thus destroy their common enemy.

"We, too, have a common enemy, very powerful, very dangerous. It is strong drink. One alone cannot do much toward destroying it. But, if we will all work together, it can be done. And God will help us. He will make us strong. He will add His strength to ours, and by-and-by the great rock will move, and fall, and crush out the dreadful foe of Intemperance." — *Children's Friend*.

MILK AND MUSTARD.

I go to the first class in our Sunday-school.

Perhaps some might think that the thoughts and opinions of a mere "Sunday-school boy" are not worthy of a corner in the *Children's Companion*. Well, but it is not my thoughts and opinions which I am going to repeat, but what I heard from our minister.

This is what he said last Sunday. "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." That was his text, and for a good practical address, I don't think anybody could find a better.

"Boys," he said, "repeat that after me: 'Whatever thy might.' So we said it after him, and we looked in his face and waited for what was coming next.

"Go about your business heartily; that is the meaning of it. Whatever you have to do, do with all your strength; go at it cheerily, and with good will; get it done, and get it well done!

"Now there is a thing which most of you boys do very heartily and willingly, and that is—eat. You are generally ready for your dinner, are you not, White?"

"Yes, sir," said White, and the rest of us laughed, for White had a certain reputation amongst us, as a fellow whose appetite was equal to a good deal.

"You need not laugh, boys. Eating is one of the things which our hands find to do, and which hungry folks who have earned

their dinner may surely do with their might. But it ought to be done at proper times."

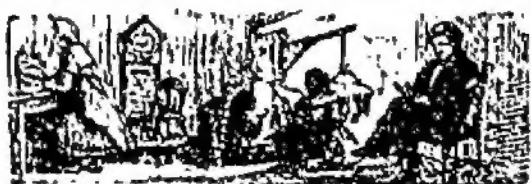
This was said significantly, and one or two of us hung our heads, for there had been fault found that afternoon with many who had brought apples and walnuts in their pockets, to the sad perversion of school discipline, and the trial of more than one long-suffering teacher.

"There is another thing you do, boys; and do well without any urging or encouragement, and that is play. Cricket, marbles, tops, kites, every one of you care for some of these, and excel in one or other of them. And I am glad you do play heartily—at proper times.

"Then there is work. Each has some work; John Cole can tell you how busy the care of his master's cows keeps him. Bill Brown has a good long trudge of it every week-day to the foundry and back. You, Harry, don't get those shillings which support your mother without a good struggle to earn them, I know. And those of you who have not begun to earn money yet have also some kind of work. You have your lessons to learn at least, and you may tell me that is hard work enough.

"To eat, to play, to work—it is what you each may do, and should do, heartily. Remember what I said about proper times. There is a time for eating, a time for playing, and a time for working: take my advice, and keep these times well divided. Don't mix them up, or you'll spoil your eating, spoil your playing, and very certainly you will spoil your working.

"Some things are excellent when kept separate, but they won't stand mixing and mismatching. I had beef for my dinner to-day, and many of you had some also, I doubt not: I had mustard with mine, and very toothsome I found it. I had coffee for my breakfast, and milk in it, I like my coffee very milky. I see you agree with me there, White. Now just fancy the difference it would make if we mixed the milk and mustard, and used it both with beef and coffee. Not so bad as far as the beef goes, but the coffee—well, you know. Don't mix your milk and mustard. Don't eat in school hours. Don't play at work time. — *Children's Companion*.



The Family Circle.

JESUS ONLY

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NOT KNOWING"

O thou, dear Lord, who stayest
When all the guests are gone,
When in its silent chambers
The candles are down alone

Our garlands all are withered,
Our sweetest songs are sung,
The lamps which lit our feasting
Have gone out, one by one.

The gladness and the beauty
Have vanished from our sight,
The footsteps of our dear ones
Have died away in night.

Yet thanks to Thee that ever
Thou comest at our will,
Thy voice is heard the clearer
When all the house is still.

As in the Mount of Vision,
And the shining three,
The overawed disciples
Looked up—and saw but Thee.

So we, our brightness faded,
Our sweet companions flown,
Lift up our troubled faces
To find Thou art not gone

Thanks to thy name that ever
In grief thou dost appear,
That by each deepening shadow,
We know thy sunshine near.

Be ruler of our feasting,
Thou Love of love alone,
O thou, dear Lord, who stayest
When all the guests are gone
—Mary G. Brainerd

WILLIE BENSON A STORY FOR MOTHERS

BY AMY A. STILES

"Willie," said Mrs. Benson, "you must not forget to fill the wood-box before you go to school."

"I did bring in the wood, ma," replied the child, a boy of eight years.

"Oh, well, all right then," But a few minutes later when Mrs. Benson went into the kitchen for something she wanted there, she saw that the wood-box was empty.

"Why, Willie Benson," she exclaimed, in a scolding tone of voice, "you told me you had brought in the wood. What do you mean by telling me a falsehood?"

The boy laughed good naturedly and said, "Oh, I was just in fun, ma."

"Well, I don't like such kind of fun. I can tell you, and if you ever tell me another falsehood I'll whip you, so if I don't."

If Mrs. Benson had meant this last threatening remark it would have been a good thing both for herself and her child, but, like too many mothers, she was one of those weak-minded women who find it much easier to make threats than to perform them, and Willie had become so accustomed to promises of future whippings that he did not allow the fear of them to shadow his present enjoyment in the least, knowing, as he did, that they were purely in his mother's imagination. Was it strange that he had thus early learned to equivocate? Let us see.

Mrs. Benson, instead of compelling Willie to bring in the wood, as she should have done, did it herself, rather than make any more words about it, and a few minutes afterwards the boy was off to school. On his way home at noon he was attracted by some boys displayed conspicuously in a store window and as one just pleased his youthful fancy he stopped to enquire the price. Only five cents. "Ma, I want five cents to buy a whistle," was Willie's greeting, as he entered his home. "May I have it?" "Thou've got some awful nice ones at Cole's. Say, ma, will you give me five cents?" No, I haven't got five cents," replied the mother, "so you needn't waste me." Contrary to his usual custom under such circumstances, Willie did not waste, and there was a half-defined belief in the mind of Mrs. Benson that he was getting to be less annoying than he used to be.

Had she been watching her boy just then she would undoubtedly have changed her mind. Willie went into his mother's bedroom, and feeling alone and secure, as his mother was busily engaged in preparing dinner and his father had not yet come in, he went to the bureau, opened one of the smaller drawers and

took out a portmanteau which he found there and carefully opened it. Yes, there was money in it, some large bills and considerable small change. Among the rest, two five cent pieces. Putting one of these in his pocket, Willie returned the purse to its place, closed the drawer and went out to swing until dinner-time. Now why did not Mrs. Benson tell Willie the truth and say that she did not wish to spend money in such a way? This would have given her boy no room to question the integrity of his mother, and taught him to respect her word. I do not think she meant to tell an untruth, or at least, she did not stop to consider what a sin she was committing. A member, in good standing, of one of the churches of the village wherein she resided, she was considered a woman of religious principles and unquestioned piety, and no doubt she meant to be all this, but the habit of putting her child off by deviating from the truth, rather than take the time and trouble to reason with him, had grown upon her, and, like all habits, was easier to continue than break off.

Sitting by the open door that afternoon Mrs. Benson was quietly engaged with her sewing and thinking over the sermon of the good pastor the Sabbath previous. The text had been "Feed My Sheep," and as he dwelt eloquently on the duty of all to labor for the cause they loved, Mrs. Benson had felt a yearning desire to make her life more useful. "Oh," she thought, "if I could only do something for Christ, if I could go among the sick and the poor, like the rich Mrs. Abbott, or contribute to the missionary fund as largely as some do," and she sighed to think how narrow and useless her life seemed to her. Blind, mistaken woman! A noble work is already before you, and how are you performing it? The training of one capable of immortal life is intrusted to your care, and are you true to the great trust? Are you feeding this little mind with the principles and truths which would make his after life an honor to himself and a benefit to others? Why do we so often long for a great work to do while we have not yet learned to perform the little duties of life, as we ought?

While sitting thus Mrs. Benson heard the sound of a whistle, it came nearer, and Willie bounded up the walk looking happy and pleased. Now what boy of eight years was ever known to walk quietly along the street, while he had a whistle in his pocket? Very few, I venture, and Willie Benson was no exception to the general rule, but true to the tendency of boyhood, he had whistled all the way home from school.

"Willie, who gave you that whistle?" asked his mother.

"Nobody."

"Then where did you get it? and a suspicion of the truth crossed her mind.

"I bought it, ma."

"Willie Benson, have you been stealing from my pocket-book?" exclaimed his mother.

"No, ma, I sold my top to one of the boys for five cents."

But Mrs. B. was not satisfied with this explanation, and going to her bureau, she took out her purse and examined its contents. Sure enough, there was five cents gone, and there could be no doubt that Willie had taken it. Now where was the whipping that morning threatened as a punishment for the next falsehood—was it forthcoming? Going back to the sitting-room, she said:

"Willie, you did take five cents out of my pocket-book, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. What kind of a boy are you getting to be, and what are you coming to, I'd like to know?"

Willie only laughed, in his good-natured way, and said to his mother:

"It's no worse for me to tell a lie than it is for you. You know you said you didn't have five cents, and I know better, so I went and found it. I know you wouldn't scold much."

What a rebuke and what a lamentable example for a mother to set before her child; but it is not an exaggerated case, for we all know scores of families where the parents, instead of being the instructors, become the instructed, albeit it is often too late to repair the mischief when the lesson is learned.

Will Mrs. Benson heed the rebuke before these habits have become rooted and grounded in the character of her child?—N. F. J. Fitness.

THE COTTON-WOOD CAMP

BY LIZZIE BURT

Two little children once lived away on the Western prairie in a homely log-house, where the snows fell so deep and the winds blew so hard and the days were so cold, that they very seldom went out of the door in winter-fur. But there came a day in March when the snow was nearly all gone, and the sun shone brightly and there was but little wind. The children stood on a bench by the window, looking wistfully out at the frozen drifts that lay in patches over the prairie.

"I wish we were old," said little Sue. "I think it is very, very warm, because the ice is running all off the windows like rain, and some

days it is so thick that we can't see out at all, Ben."

"Let us ask," said Ben, "we could take the 'pung-eaters,' and slide on the crust."

"Yes, we could put on our mittens, and Turk could go."

"There, Sue, he knows what we are saying, too!"

And the great black dog Turk got up slowly, and came and put his paws upon the cash, and looked wisely out of the window; he then put his nose in Sue's small hand and wagged his tail, just as much as though he would say, "What fun!"

Now, these two little people had a dear, kind mother who wished always that her children should be happy, and one way which she had of helping them to be so was to try and not forget that she had once herself been a little child. She dressed them up as warm as two little bears with their fur jackets and caps and mittens, made of the skins of animals which their father had shot. Then she told them that they must not go very far away, and that she would blow the horn when they were to come home. The very last thing she told Turk was to be sure and take good care of Bonnie and Sue. Then away they all ran to the top of a bluff not far off, where there was a nice streak of hard snow which the sun had not melted away. Ben tucked little Sue all nicely upon her "pung-eater" and gave her a push, and away she flew over the hard crust with Ben after her, and Turk running briskly behind with his long ears flying out. Oh, you never saw such fun! If they had been rich little children with painted sleds, instead of these odd "pung-eaters," they could have been no happier, I'm sure. But perhaps you never saw a "pung-eater." I do not wonder, for I am not sure that anybody beside Sue and Ben ever had one. So I will tell you that it was made of barrel staves, two on top and two under, with the ends fastened to pieces of wood; and over the top was tacked a nice warm wolf-skin.

"Oh, my!" said Ben at last, after he had been several times down the bluff, "just see that piece of snow over there, Sue! Let's go."

So away they ran again but every time they found a new piece there was always more "just a little way off" that was a great deal better. So they kept running and sliding and laughing till they came to the top of a bluff where they could see the frozen brook, gleaming and glittering away off for miles.

"Oh," said Sue, squeezing her mittened fingers in ecstasy, "it's like a great icicle, dropped down off the roof of the sky!"

"We could run down there," said Ben with his eyes shining.

"But it's far away, and mother said not."

"No, it isn't. We go there fifty times in the summer, and we can see our house plain as day, and mother has not blew the horn, we can have just one slide well as not."

As they looked at the lonely log-house off in the distance they saw something coming toward them. Turk lifted his ears and wagged his tail.

"O Ben," said Sue, "there is Mr. Hugh's dog Bob. he has come clear to our house to have Turk go hunting with him. See!"

And the great fellow bounded up the bluff, and the two friends greeted each other gladly. Bob had come four whole miles over the prairie he often did that, and the two would go off for a day's hunt. But to-day it was different. Turk had a charge, and although they held a long conference, and Bob tried all his powers of persuasion, still Turk was immovable.

Bob went off alone quite sullenly, and Turk followed the children slowly down to the brook. The ice was like glass. They quite forgot to count the number of slides, and the moments slipped away so fast that they never once thought of home until Ben felt a feathery snow-flake light upon his face.

"O Sue," he said, "it's snowing. I wonder if the horn blew?"

"I don't know, Ben, perhaps we couldn't hear perhaps we are in a different place, it don't look the way it did."

"Well, any way, we will get back in a minute. You see, we slid this way all the time, now we'll go that way, and pretty soon we will see the house."

Turk had been uneasy for a long time, so, when he saw the children turn homeward, he bounded joyfully, and ran on ahead. But the sun had gone out of the sky, the flakes were falling, falling, and the glittering ice grew white under their feet. At last Ben thought they had reached the place from which they had started. So they climbed up the bluff, but the air was so filled with snow that they could only see a little way in any direction, and somehow it happened at that moment that the gladness went quite away from two little hearts, and two brown eyes looked into two blue eyes and said, as plainly as could be:

"What overalls we do? Which way shall we go?"

But there was no answer, because there was nobody but Turk who knew, and he stood waiting. And I think he understood, for presently

he gave Ben a little push, then he caught the rope of one of the sleds and started away.

So they followed him up the creek. But, somehow, since the gladness had gone out of their hearts the cold came creeping in, first through the furry mittens and the thick leggings, finally the wind began blowing, and then the cold was everywhere and the snow was everywhere, so that all the places looked alike and the night was coming. Each moment the snow grew deeper, and the wind was pushing, pushing like a living thing till the tired feet could scarcely move at all.

"I think we'll be dead very soon," Sue said at last. And the tears were frozen on her cheeks, and a great sob seemed frozen in her throat as she sank hop-lessly down in the snow.

"Oh, don't do that, Sue, you mustn't die. What would they do at home?"

"That's the worst part," sobbed Sue, "we did go so very far."

Turk came back when he found the children were not following. He helped to lift Sue up with his teeth; then Ben took her by the hand and they struggled on a little way farther till they came to a cotton-wood tree which had fallen from the bank quite across the brook.

Clinging to the roots was a great mass of earth, and, in trying to pass round it, the children found a sheltered place near the trunk where the storm did not strike. Suddenly it occurred to Ben that they might make a camp, for, although he had tried to comfort Sue, he felt almost sure that they could never reach home through so terrible a storm. He knew they were still on the creek, for he remembered the tree. All his life Ben had heard true stories of people who had been lost in the snow, so he knew some things to do. He strapped the wolf-skins from the two "pung-eaters," and spread one on the snow, and poor little frozen Sue lay down upon it and he covered her with the other skin. He then leaned the two "pung-eaters" against the trunk of the tree, and pressed snow against them to cover the cracks. Then he crept in beside Sue, and Turk lay down so near that they could hear his heart beat.

"Benney," whispered Sue softly, "I wonder if we will be very, very dead when they find us, like the man was last winter?"

"Perhaps not, because mother and father wouldn't have any little children then. And it wasn't their fault, it was my fault; perhaps God will think of that."

"Let's tell him," said Sue.

And so with clasped hands, away in the heart of the desolate prairie, these little ones told God, and through all the wild tempest the dear Father heard and did not forget.

While Turk kept guard by the lost children, the dog Bob was making his way home through the thick falling snow after a hard day's hunt. But his work was not yet done. He struck the trail which Turk and the children had made and followed it to the camp under the cotton-wood tree. Turk was on the alert for an enemy, but great was his rejoicing to see his friend Bob. The little tiff of the morning seemed forgotten or forgiven in this greater trouble. Turk, in his own dog language, made known what had happened, and shortly Bob was again on his way across the prairie.

In the lonely log-house the mother sat desolate, her white face rigid in its tearless agony. The father, had just come in from a fruitless search, and sat with his head between his hands as though he would crush out thought.

Suddenly above the howling of the wind they heard a piteous cry and then a dull thud against the door. The father sprang up and drew the bar and the dog Bob bounded in and barked joyfully, as though he knew something which he wanted to tell. The rigid face of the mother relaxed.

"Father," she said, "it means something. Bob was here this morning for our Turk to go hunting, but Turk had gone with the children. Perhaps he has found them."

In a moment the father had wrapped himself in his great coat and was out again in the night. The storm had somewhat abated, and somewhere in the sky there was a moon, so he could see always just before him the dim outline of the dog. Presently there was a glad bark and off in the distance he thought he heard an answer. This was repeated again and again, and he knew it was the voice of the faithful Turk.

Need I tell you how he found them, Sue and Benney, sleeping sweetly between the wolf-skins, with a soft white snow coverlet over all, or how he took them in his strong arms, oh, so tenderly, and carried them home through the storm?

Ah, truly the good God does never forget His own little ones.—*M. Chris. Kelly*

Where your treasure is,
there will your heart be also.
Matt. 6: 21.

HALF-TIME SCHOOLS.

At the meeting of the Social Science Convention held in September, in Saratoga, this important subject received great attention. The discussion is thus reported in the *Providence Journal*.—

The next paper was by Dr. J. M. Gregory, President of the Illinois Industrial School, on "Half-Time Schools." This was a good paper, rather general in statement, yet containing many important suggestions and testimony of teachers on the advantages of short-time schools. Then followed a paper by Dr. Newell, of Providence, on the same subject, but more comprehensive, specific and definite than the previous one, and treated more from a physiological standpoint. The paper commenced with this question.

What changes does physiology demand in our school system? That something should be done to improve the physical condition of the young is evident from the signs of a widespread degeneracy obvious among them.

Objections on our school system.—First. It fails to do its best to prepare children for usefulness to themselves and the community and the State. It develops the brains of children and ignores the bodies. Mentally it has been a success, physically a failure. It tends to develop many physical evils in the young. The schools must take children as they are, and should educate them comprehensively, physically, mentally and morally.

Second. The schools increase hereditary tendencies to disease, as consumption and insanity. There is no more prolific cause of the former than the contaminated air of school-rooms, and want of exercise, especially at a period of life when rapid changes are going on in the bodies of children; and of the latter, than development of brain without muscle.

Third. The long hours of school confinement or intellectual effort, are largely in excess of the capacity of children for bright profitable mental work, and are therefore in violation of the conditions of true mental culture. The mind has certain conditions of growth which ought to be carefully observed in order to adapt the amount of instruction to the power of receiving it. The capacity of attention grows with the body, and is increased by cultivation. The Doctor stated, as having been proved by the very best authority, that very young children can receive lessons of one or two minutes length only, that with increasing growth and cultivation the capacity of attention is increased to five minutes, then to ten, then to fifteen minutes, and by the 10th year, to twenty minutes, and by the 12th to twenty-five, and so on; also at the age of 10 or 12 the capacity of bright and voluntary attention is exhausted by four varied lessons on subjects requiring mental effort of half an hour each in the forenoon, with intervals of relief. In the afternoon, the capacity of attention is reduced one-half. Many circumstances may vary this capacity for attention, as the efforts of a skilful teacher, the ventilation, lighting and warming of a school-room, the bodily strength and stamina of children. These two hours in the forenoon and one in the afternoon is as long a time as children can be profitably employed in schools.

The above general results were collected by Edwin Chadwick, O.B., of England, from the experience of schools comprising altogether between 10,000 and 12,000 pupils, during a period of from twelve to fifteen years.

Fourth. The present system of long hours of mental effort, beyond their proved ability for application, is mentally injurious by inducing weariness and disgust of matters taught, and by forming dilatory, diffused, slow habits of thought, and is productive of indecorum, insubordination, and truancy, not unfrequently provoking chastisement. By attempting to crowd the minds of children beyond their ability, they become exhausted and disheartened with study. They get tired of sitting and restless from confinement; they get drooping, dull and stupid from bad air; disorder and neglect of lessons are the results, and sometimes punishment follows, which only increases the evil. Hence arise aversion to study, hatred to teachers and school, and a disposition to keep away from it. Is this not one great reason why so many children are not in regular attendance at school?

Fifth. However good the sanitary condition of a school, however well ventilated, lighted and warmed, the usual period of confinement of young, growing children is in direct violation of the teachings of nature and physiological laws.

Movement is a natural characteristic of a healthy child. These movements are frequent at first, and longer as growth advances, attended with pleasure when allowed free scope, and discomfort and mental irritation when long restrained. A child, long confined in its muscular movement, finds relief to its overcharged nervous system in violent emotion, irritability, naughtiness, unruliness, or a flood of tears. The duties of a teacher are plainly at war with nature in his efforts to suppress the plainest demands of nature.

Sixth. Our school system is very injurious to teachers. This arises from the long confinement in bad air, the labor and drudgery of commanding the attention of pupils, and of securing proper decorum.

After noticing the prominent physiological objections to our school system, then the doctor comes to the question: What changes does physiology demand in our school system? That the hours now devoted to mental culture be greatly shortened, and the time freed be given to systematized physical training, or some industrial employment.

By this change the object as to the school system will lessen in importance, or disappear. By this change what of success in mental training will a child lose? Nothing. It having been proved by experience that three hours a day is the physiological limit of a child's capacity of mental culture, it follows that a child will make as good intellectual progress in three hours a day as he will in six.

The half-time system has been in operation in England for over thirty years on a very large scale, in connection with physical training or some industrial employment, with this extraordinary and most unexpected result, that children who are at school only half-time, in intellectual attainments equal those who are at school all the time, which is the testimony of reliable and faithful school inspectors, distinguished and experienced teachers, head masters, school superintendents, members of Parliament and clergymen who have observed and studied this system. Such is the success of the half-time schools of this and other countries.

If a child will lose nothing of mental training by this change, what will he gain?

First. We have unquestionable testimony that a child will learn more in one-half time in connection with physical training or industrial employment. This has been proved in the same schools, with the same teachers and scholars, who have been changed from full to half-time and vice versa. Children relish physical exercises, and after these are over, brighter, fresher, they return to their studies. These exercises quicken the intellectual faculties, and pupils study with more spirit, energy and success. They thus form a more valuable habit of mind, of quick, concentrated thought.

Second. This change in our school system would lessen or remove congenital defects or bodily weaknesses, and increase the physical stamina, the working ability and productive industries of the State.

It would secure co-ordinate development of all the organs of the body. It would not only produce beauty and symmetry of growth, expand the chest, invigorate the muscular system, but improve all the bearing, behavior, personal appearance—in short, the whole condition, and tend to form habits of prompt obedience.

Third. This change would be productive of decorum and happiness of a school, and add greatly to its attractions. It would render less laborious the work of governing a school, and by increasing its attractions, call back the truants. We are credibly informed relative to some large schools in which physical training, having been practiced, was discontinued with the effect to make these schools quite different places, so that it had to be resumed.

Fourth. The moral influence of the change would be salutary. It would elevate the moral tone of a school. There would be less temptation to deception, intrigue and disobedience. It would prevent sexual irritations, and tend to develop a vigorous population, less inclined to run into all kinds of excesses.

Fifth. By this change our school system would be less liable to give rise to epidemic diseases. This would arise from the shorter school hours, the air of school-rooms remaining more pure, and the greatly improved physical condition of children.

Sixth. This change would impart aptitudes for honest and sustained industry. It would make pupils better and more apt at business, more alert and prompt at work. Boys from the half-time schools in England are generally preferred to those educated at other schools. We are told that the efficiency of labor is enormously increased by this system. It tends to form habits of life bearing on the realities of life—in short, to fit the young, both in body and mind, to get an honest living.

Seventh. This change would be very beneficial to teachers. Benefits would arise from their being relieved from the drudgery of securing the attention of pupils, and of maintaining proper decorum, from the improved atmosphere in a school-room, from physical training, should they participate.

Eighth. This change would be especially beneficial to the girls of our schools, inasmuch as the present prolonged system of sedentary confinement inflicts upon them more extensive and grievous bodily injury on account of their indoor life at home and their longer school life. The importance of physical training in girls cannot be overestimated, and should go hand and hand with mental.

This paper was listened to with marked attention, and enthusiastic debate followed by Drs. Baker, of Michigan; O'Sullivan, of New York, and J. M. Barnard, of Boston. The name and investigations of Edwin Chadwick having been referred to in the paper, Dr. Barnard remarked that he was just from the table of Mr. Chadwick, and from schools where this system was in successful operation, and could more than substantiate every word that had been uttered in regard to it, and that the beneficial effects of physical training upon girls was "wonderful." He further remarked that he did not see how the health of children or the physical part of education could be properly attended to till it fell into the hands of the medical profession, where it legitimately belonged, and then alluded to the importance of medical inspectors of schools in different States.

The last paper of the forenoon session was read by Dr. O'Sullivan, a former school inspector of New York, on the "prevention of contagious diseases among school children." This was a very interesting paper, and was followed by debate. I was not able to attend the afternoon session. T. C. F.

HOW TO MAKE WAX FLOWERS.

BY MRS. T. B. HARRISON.

Any one who can crochet tidies, or make good bread, or anything else which requires some patience, can make autumn leaves, or an ivy wreath, or a bunch of ferns, of wax, and not be much the poorer for it, either. First, get the materials: A dozen sheets of yellow, and a dozen of green wax, eighteen cents; a spool of wire, five cents; a small bottle of burnt umber, and one of burnt carmine, twenty cents; a large rose leaf and an ivy leaf mold, each fifteen cents; in all, seventy-three cents. Then get a piece of glass—window glass—a large knitting-needle, and some small scissors for trimming, although you can do without the latter. Cut patterns from real leaves of the kind of ivy you wish to make, or the ferns, maple, chestnut, sunnyside, and so on. You want a variety of small and large. Lay your wax out in a warm room so that it will be pliable and not break easily. I should have said that the easiest way to cut perfect patterns is to pin the leaf to paper, pencil it, remove the leaf and cut. Put a piece of yellow wax on the glass after having breathed upon, or dampened it—the glass—so it will not stick; lay on the pattern, and cut the leaf with the needle. You must cut two pieces of wax after the pattern, for one leaf. With the waste pieces of wax cover the wire, taking a piece, perhaps four inches long, for one leaf. It will roll on easily if you do not take too large pieces. Lay the wire in the centre of one leaf, and press the other one over it, having the wire come to nearly the top of the leaf, else the tip of it will be liable to break off. Now, lay the leaf on the glass, take out a little umber and carmine, dip the ball of one finger in the carmine, rub it on dry, and the ball of another in the umber, taking care not to mix the fingers. As soon as you commence to rub it on, you will see how it operates, and you will have to use your own taste and judgment in shading. It is better to shade from nature, but since nature takes all sorts of ways, and shows all sorts of varieties in the shading of her leaves, one can hardly go amiss.

After coloring one or two, you will see what is unnatural, and can correct yourself. The striped maple leaves cannot be shaded without a penny brush. After mixing yourself with the color, lay the shaded side of the leaf on the wrong side of the rose-leaf mold, dampening the mold first, and press it down. This makes the veins. I say a rose-leaf mold, because that can be used for all kinds of common autumn leaves. If the leaf is larger than the mold, press it over the centre, and afterwards put the sides on. It is a needless expense to get a mold for each different leaf. The ivy leaves are cut in the same way, but as you can buy the wax the exact color of ivy, you do not have to color them; and after wiring and pressing them over the mold, they are done. As you cannot use up all the waste pieces of wax in covering wire, you can make wintergreen berries of the yellow by rolling it up in little balls and coloring with the carmine. Your own ingenuity will suggest ways which I should not probably think of, of using all the bits which are left.

Ferns are simply cut, and wired, but no mold used, that is, in most delicate ones. After making eighteen or twenty leaves, a vine of ivy, and a bunch of ferns, if you please, get a cross, and a dozen sheets of white wax with which to cover it. The cross and wax will cost probably thirty-five cents. Arrange the leaves in a kind of vine, or wreath, fasten to the back of the cross with a piece of wax laid over the stem, and pressed down on each side. Have a vine of ivy fastened to the back of one arm, pass it over the top, and hang it over the other arm. A bunch of ferns lying at the foot of the cross is nice.

You might make two sprays of the autumn leaves. Fasten them in the middle of the back, bending the leaves so it does not show, and then have one run up over one arm, and the other down, quite over the standard of the cross. You can think of ways enough to arrange them after getting them once made. A globe to cover them should not cost over one dollar and seventy-five cents. I fear it would in the country though.—*Zion's Herald*.

COUNTRY SCHOOLS.

Unquestionably, there is too much wild life in our country schools, and they must be harnessed into something like systematic work before they can properly be classed among educational institutions. Now too often the boy rule, the teacher, if he does not, his "daddy" does. Bud will not be put back ten pages in the Second Reader in order to form a class, he'll fight first. Sissy, having reached Long Division with the last teacher, does not want to go over "hard old" Multiplication again, and mother says she mustn't either. Polly brings Pike's Arithmetic, Sam brings The Death of Abel, and little Joe brings no book at all. "Money is mighty hard to get, you must try to work along till times get better." The widow Smith, that is the weak-eyed teacher, must not offend any body, because those little children at home must have bread. Dick Morrison, the teacher up Stony Run, isn't afraid of anybody, he storms and larrups and works.—Oh, how he works!—he hears eighty-five per cent a day, and they say he is a splendid teacher, because he believes that "lickin' and larrin' go together."

Now can all this be cured? Yes. Can Jerry Apple-jack and Sukey Swingskillet be made to know their places, even where their own brats are concerned? Yes. Can little Joe be made to bring a book, and the right book? Yes. Can order, civility, and system, be made to reign in the "bear-garden" up the hollow? Yes. Can the eighty-five recitations be reduced to one-fourth the number? Yes. And as good work be done? Yes, far better! How? That little word asks a large question,—too large to be answered to-day.—*N. E. Journal of Education*.

A TEACHER'S RESPONSIBILITIES.

"I hold the teacher's position second to none. The Christian teacher of a band of children combines the office of the preacher and the parent, and has more to do in shaping the mind and morals of the community than preacher and parent united. The teacher who spends six hours a day with my child, spends three times as many hours as I do, and twenty-fold more time than my pastor does. I have no words to express my sense of the importance of your office. Still less have I words to express my sense of the importance of having that office filled by men and women of the purest motives, the noblest enthusiasms, the finest culture, the broadest charities, and the most devoted Christian purpose. Why, sir, a teacher should be the strongest and most angelic man that breathes. No man living is entrusted with such precious materials. No man living can do so much to set human life to a noble tune. No man living needs higher qualifications for his work. Are you 'fitted for teaching?' I do not ask you this question to discourage you, but to stimulate you to an effort at preparation which shall continue as long as you continue to teach."—*J. G. Holland*.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

xiv.

1. The cousin and wife of one of the patriarchs.
 2. A king of Bashan who fought against Israel.
 3. A disobedient wife.
 4. A beautiful girl who was the adopted child of her cousin.
 5. A burden which we are to carry which is light and easy.
 6. One who is mentioned by St. Paul as a faithful and beloved brother.
 7. Paul's helper in Christ.
 8. A faithful daughter-in-law.
 9. A high priest who helped to rebuild Jerusalem.
 10. A captain of the Syrian army in the reign of Benhadad.
 11. The eldest brother of a great king of Israel.
 12. The heathen god for whom Paul was mistaken.
 13. An archer who was the ancestor of a great nation.
 14. One who became greater than his elder brother.
 15. One who, with his daughters, built the wall of a ruined city.
- The initial letters of the answers give one of our Lord's commands to those who follow Him.

GRACE IS FOR REAL NEED.—The grace which God gives is for the real occasions of life. To forget this is to make the whole of our moral and religious life morbid and unreal. For a man to ask himself deliberately on his wedding morning whether he is so resigned to the will of God that he is perfectly prepared to consent to his bride's immediate death, is preposterous folly. The grace he needs just then, is grace to make him heartily grateful to God for the new brightness and joy which have come to him, and grace to enable him to treat his wife with the chivalrous devotion she has a right to claim, and grace, while he loves her with what seems all his heart, to love God still better. If we have honestly accepted the will of God as our supreme law, we shall receive strength from God to do God's will and submit to it as occasion demands. When God sends us work He sends us strength to do it, and when He sends us trouble, He sends us strength to bear it. For troubles which we imagine for ourselves, and for work we imagine for ourselves, we must go for strength to our imagination—not to Him. —Rev. R. W. Dale.

Let those who seek him

probably expanded over a period of about 20 years. 785-

persons are able to show the clearest possible

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